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THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM;

OR,
Polite Repository

OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION;
BEING AN ASSEMBLAGE OF WHATEVER CAN TEND TO PLEASE
THE FANCY, INTEREST THE MIND, OR EXALT
THE CHARACTER, OF

THE BRITISH FAIR.

VOL. XVI.

IMPROVED SERIES.

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1822.



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...and good is being done to say, the
...has not only the

PREFACE.

AGAIN we hail the approach of a new year! and we hail it under the happiest auspices. Notwithstanding the obstacles which have occasionally obstructed our career, we are both happy and proud, in being able to say, that the **LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM** has not only maintained its ground in the public estimation, but has permanently, though unostentatiously, established itself in the favor of those to whose service it is more peculiarly devoted, and for whose future instruction and amusement neither labour nor expence shall be spared.

We need not dwell upon the distinguishing merits of our little work, since they are already so justly appreciated; we, therefore, fearlessly commit the present volume, which forms the Sixteenth, of the **LADIES' MUSEUM**, to the patronage of our fair and enlightened countrywomen,

not doubting but that they will continue to bestow, as long as we continue to deserve, their encouragement.— Under this conviction, we beg leave to offer them our sincere wishes for the uninterrupted enjoyment of the ensuing social season; and subscribe ourselves, with great respect, their obedient servants,

THE PROPRIETORS.

Threadneedle-street,

Dec. 1st, 1822.



THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1822.

SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

IT is too often the province of merit to remain in obscurity, and to sink into the grave distinguished in no way from the vulgar throng but by the partial regrets of near relatives, or the warm panegyrics of a discerning few to whom its real pretensions were known. "Full many a gem of purest ray" is hidden in the caverns of the deep, and full many a mind of high intellectual capacity is concealed under the roughest garb, and left to waste its treasures amidst haunts impervious to the notice of men. Happily, however, for the public good, and for the honor of humanity, instances are not wanting to prove that talent and virtue have not only been made public to the world, but have been appreciated and rewarded as they deserve, and this frequently less through the fostering hand of patronage than by the brightness of the honorable exertions and admirable qualifications of those who possess them. Sir Robert Ker Porter is one of those whose intrinsic merit alone has procured him the celebrity that marks his name; and pleasing in the highest degree must such a consideration be to all who are interested in him. In the acceptation which the word *liberal* formerly bore, we should feel proud in having such an epithet applied to us; but in its modern bearing, we are hardy enough to avow, that it would give us little pain to be stigmatized as the reverse, and, indeed, to acknowledge the truth, we are *illiberal* enough to declare, that though we would on no account whatever deny the full meed of praise to any one who is entitled to it, of what

nation soever he may be, it rejoices us most sensibly, when it is in our power to bear testimony to the worth or the abilities of an—*Englishman*. We love our country, we love every thing connected with it—we esteem all mankind as brethren, but he has a nearer claim to our admiration, a stronger tie upon our affection, who has drawn life from the same soil which gave us birth ourselves, who is an inheritor of our own name, and a participator of our own prejudices, and our own privileges.

Under such impressions, it will readily be conceived, that we enter with alacrity into the pleasing task of forming the present memoir; but as no pleasure is without its alloy, we regret that the too great delicacy of those to whom the character of Sir Robert is most accurately known, should have proved an obstacle to our obtaining many interesting particulars, which we are fully aware it was in their power to give.

Sir R. K. Porter inherited from his ancestors a love of arms and the arts, and accordingly his life, hitherto, has been divided between them. He studied painting under the late Mr. West, so long the honored President of the Royal Academy in London, and took his lessons in war on the fields of Spain, Germany, &c. From such a combination of circumstances, it was natural that his taste should point to historical subjects; and accordingly we have his grand pictures with us of the Storming of Seringapatam, the Siege of Acre, the Battles of Agincourt, Alexandria, Vimeira, &c. &c. The Battle of Agincourt he presented to the City of London, during the Mayoralty of Sir Robert Flower; when it was hung up in a magnificent frame, on one side of the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion-house; "A monument of British talent and British prowess, (the brave Blucher observed on seeing it there) worthy the great city it adorned." Sir Robert has painted many subjects from the Scriptures, and made gifts of the pictures to several churches in England; for instance, those of Peterborough, Ipswich, Portsea, &c. His generosity in this respect has been, perhaps, unequalled; and we believe it would be difficult to say whether the inhabitants of these places were more delighted with the gift, than flattered by the handsome manner in which it was presented. As an artist Sir Robert is much esteemed; we have been led to understand, that the celerity with which he produces



the largest pieces is truly astonishing, but highly characteristic of his own disposition, which though nicely tempered with uniform gentleness and urbanity, and abounding with "the milk of human kindness," is remarkable for its ardency, animation, and undeviating liveliness. During his subsequent very extensive travels on the continent, he has tracked his path in this way; and even the old Cathedral of Eitch-moi-adzen, at the foot of Ararat, has an altar-piece from his pencil; the subject, Christ blessing the young children which are presented to him. This very ancient church is usually called, that of *The Presence*; and how could the idea of a present Deity be more strikingly depicted than in the act of blessing the first spring of life? "Bring little children unto me." Sir Robert K. Porter's passion for seeing foreign countries led him to Russia, where he married a lady of high rank, a native of that empire; but while the long and most momentous continental war lasted, he never allowed himself rest, but continued to do his duty to his native land wherever his services were required. During this time, he wrote his short account of "Sir John Moore's Campaign in the Peninsula," his "Russian Sketches," (a work which we remember to have read with delight amounting to little less than enthusiasm), and his Narrative of the Expulsion of the French from that Empire, in the year 1812. Soon after the universal peace which succeeded the Battle of Waterloo, he proceeded to the East; and having visited Persia and Babylonia, and other interesting countries in that quarter, he returned to England in the year 1820, to publish an account of his travels, two volumes of which are now before the public, and have been received with that favor to which they are so justly entitled. They are very curious from two circumstances; bringing the manners and customs of the present people of Persia and its adjacent countries almost before our eyes; while he gives a careful and deeply-read description of the more ancient inhabitants, from the earliest notices of Scripture to the existing times. The Notices of Babylon are yet more attractive; for they tell of remains doubted by many, and, indeed, visited by few. He gives ocular demonstration of the existence of a very extensive tract of ruins, by several views drawn on the spot, and numerous pages of description deeply interesting to the antiquarian and to the Christian reader. Sir R. K. Porter has again returned to the

Continent, and with his lady at present resides in Russia; but it is generally understood that his final abode will be his own country, where his venerable mother still lives, and two sisters, well known to the world as the authors of several works of acknowledged merit and high celebrity. It is not, indeed, for us to judge of human felicity, for most justly has it been remarked, "that the heart only knoweth its own bitterness," but if we were to judge from external circumstances only, we should have no hesitation in pronouncing Mrs. Porter one of the happiest of her sex. Rich in the public fame and private worth of her children, an endless source of comfort and virtuous pride is ever presented to her; and though we fear the cup of bliss is still dashed with the bitter drop that all are condemned to taste, in the severe illness of one of her daughters, (Miss A. M. Porter), and the absence of her beloved son, she has still abundant cause for happiness. It is engraven on the slab that covers the remains of the celebrated Pepin, "Here lies Pepin, the father of Charlemagne;" a tacit acknowledgment that he was greater in his son than in his own merits. We are quite sure this most excellent woman will forgive us for the inference, and the more so when we say, that a feeling not very unlike that of envy, suggested it.

Nature has been favorable to Sir Robert in person as well as in mind. We can vouch for his being greatly admired by the fair sex, whose judgment in matters of personal beauty no one will dare to dispute. His complexion is fair; his hair remarkably handsome, and his countenance strongly characteristic of intelligence, good humor, and amiability. Perfectly free from every appearance of affectation or arrogance, the buoyancy of his spirits, the playfulness of his manner, and the innocence of his wit, render him the life of public, and the delight of private society: while in his moral character, he is not only irreproachable, but highly estimable. We forbear from motives of delicacy to say more, but justice forbade us to say less. We will, however, close this very imperfect sketch, by sincerely wishing Sir R. every success in his future undertakings that he deserves, and heartily hoping that this amiable family may long live united in those ties of affection and unbroken harmony which have so long subsisted between them.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 308, Vol. XV.)

.....

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, have wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

—

GUTHLAC was walking in the hall with Brithmer; his countenance evidently marked with the recent agitation he had endured. He was at first too earnestly engaged in conversation to notice the approach of the Abbot; but the instant he perceived him he made an involuntary start, and stood as if convicted of some offence. "Guthlac," said the good man, tenderly regarding him; the gentle tone of his voice vibrated on the heart of his pupil; he raised his downcast eyes, and reading in his pale but placid countenance no expression but that of mournful affection, he threw himself upon his bosom, and burst into tears. The Abbot pressed him to his breast. "Moderate these emotions," said he, kindly.

"Can you then forgive my disobedience?" exclaimed he, in a broken voice, "can you pardon the disappointment I cause you?"

"I know," returned the Abbot, "that you do not act from a wilful determination to oppose my wishes, and therefore I lament your infatuation more than I condemn it; earthly disappointments also can affect him little whose pilgrimage is almost ended, and whose hopes are centred where no disappointment can enter;—and yet I should grieve to lose thee, my Guthlac, and I doubt not but that my heart would become as lonely as my cell without thee to cheer and enliven it." He paused and kissed the white forehead of his favorite to hide the tear that stole silently down his aged cheek.

"But you will not oppose his wishes, holy father?" cried Brithmer, advancing, and making himself known. The Abbot immediately recognized him, and having answered his question as he deemed proper, he repeated the proposal of Tetha; to

this Guthlac without hesitation acceded, while Brithmer himself agreed to its propriety. It was, however, settled, that Egbert should not be made acquainted with what had passed till the determination of Guthlac was settled; and Brithmer assured the Abbot, that he would not only keep a strict eye over the actions and intentions of Egbert, but would in future inform him of every thing which concerned his youthful charge. At his mother's request, Guthlac accompanied his venerable friend to the monastery, where he remained till the castle was again cleared of its warlike inhabitants, which in a short time took place.

From the moment Guthlac had received Tetha's conditional promise, he appeared almost another being—ever animated and daring, his spirit now seemed to glow forth in all its ardour, yet it was so sweetly tempered with gentleness that it never degenerated into rudeness, or induced him for an instant to forget the claims that were due from him from the meanest to the highest dependant on his house. In stature and manners he continued to improve with astonishing rapidity, and seemed already to combine the strength and dignity of manhood with the graces and agility of youth. The course he was destined to pursue now appeared evidently fixed even to Tetha; in secret sorrow she brooded over her disappointment; for true to her promise, she by no means sought to bias his determination by evincing the severity, or the depth of her regret. There were moments indeed in which she beheld the blooming form of her beloved boy with all a mother's admiration, and not unfrequently with a mother's pride. On these occasions a thought would occasionally cross her of splendid alliances, and the thought of holding in her arms an infant resemblance of him who was so dear, would give a momentary thrill of exquisite delight to her bosom; but these impressions were but as bright flashes of light in a gloomy sky, and the slight cessation of regret which they caused were succeeded by sensations of accumulated distress. At liberty now to take the arms from the armoury, a privilege he had long panted to enjoy, every moment that he could spare from the society of his mother, or from his studies with the Abbot, was appropriated to warlike exercises; in this he was assisted by a few old soldiers, who, having been disabled, had been per-

mitted to retire for the remainder of their lives to ease and security, under the protection of their lady, and under their rude tuition he soon became so expert, that while they attributed no inconsiderable share of merit to themselves, they described him as a rising prodigy. More attentive than ever to the Abbot's instructions, he was docility itself, and the good man, while he interpreted the cause of his conduct to its right motive, a fear to encrease his disappointment and vexation, loved him the better for it, though he experienced double regret at the turn his inclination had taken.

As the second year of his probation was now drawing to a close, the Abbot, at the request of Tetha, formally demanded of Guthlac his determination for the future. He was answered as he expected, nor had his mother even suffered herself to encourage the slightest hope of a contrary reply; her disappointment, therefore, received no additional poignancy from the confirmation of his intention. It was now expedient to acquaint Egbert with this change in his nephew's views, and this task the Abbot took upon himself. Egbert heard the unexpected intelligence with equal surprise and chagrin; but he was too well versed in the control of his passions to betray any visible emotion, and he finally made a merit of furthering by his approbation a step, which it was not in his power, with any appearance of propriety, to prevent. It was therefore determined, that Guthlac should make his first essay in arms under his uncle, and Brithmer, with a few men chosen from among his own vassals, was dispatched to escort him to the borders of East Anglia, where Egbert and his army lay encamped.

The evening previous to his departure had now arrived; the last meal was concluded, and Guthlac and his mother were walking to and fro in the great hall. Tears coursed each other down Tetha's cheek, and her frequent deep sighs gave indication of all that was passing in her mind. She, however, spoke not; for a few moments she would gaze on him with fixed and eager attention, as if to imprint his features on her memory, and then clasping her hands together would look imploringly to Heaven, or fold them with his to her breast. Guthlac was both incapable and fearful of disturbing her meditation, and ventured only to imprint long and affectionate kisses on the hand he held. Tetha at

length broke silence. "To-morrow at this hour," she exclaimed, "I shall be alone—alone! oh! what a volume lies in that sound! 'tis misery's watchword breathed from the lip of despair; a second time I shall be a widow and forlorn—death has many shapes; but in a living one he is most appalling. He tore asunder every tie of love in youth, and now in losing you, I lose again my Penwald. Alone and desolate! day after day will pass away in uninterrupted solitude, with nought but sorrow for my companion. I shall hear but my own footsteps within these dreary walls, and listen only to the voice of remembrance, which will recall to me the blissful hours I have once spent here, either with him who now sleeps in the grave, or with him who for so many years has formed the sum of all my earthly happiness. How widely do they err, who fancy that a mother's troubles are confined to the first years of infancy! alas! her sorrows but begin with opening manhood; her joys are centred in the sweet days of childhood. True, indeed, I have watched your heedless steps through the weary day with ceaseless anxiety and dread; but even this state had its counterbalancing comfort: when I knelt by your cradle at night, listened to your quiet breathings, or kissed the kindling roses on your pure and placid cheek, oh! what a thrill of happiness has pervaded my breast! how have my own passions subsided into peace! and how grateful have risen my orisons to Him who gave me all. 'He is safe,' I have whispered, as again and again I marked the graceful negligence of your limbs, and the perfect composure of your features; 'my infant sleeps in security all my own, all his Maker's, all the holy angels that guard his rest'—'Twill be so no more! no longer with light footsteps shall I seek your couch, no longer shall I guard your repose! dangers may surround you, but my arm will not be nigh as formerly to ward them off; and when I awake from my own broken slumbers, I shall no longer be able to chase away my fears by beholding their vanity in your safety, but must endure the certainty of suspense, together with the foreboding of anticipation. Through the vista of years I now see only increasing solicitude without an interval of ease to lighten the burthen."

"Say not so, my mother," exclaimed Guthlac, "your son will yet be your comfort and support. The thought of you

will be a guide to virtue, to honor, and to glory." "May it be so!" sighed Tetha, "but, surrounded with danger as you will be, you will need a much more efficacious guide than the remembrance of me can provide you with." "I meant not," meekly replied the youth, "that your influence would supersede that of Heaven; but to an affectionate son earth cannot present a stronger motive to exertion, a holier tie to virtue, than the remembrance of a beloved mother: her image is the first, the last image that is impressed upon his mind; she it was who awoke the earliest throb of affection in his bosom; she it is whose idea most slowly fades away from it. He may become dead to every other feeling of nature, and callous to every other sentiment of virtue, but filial love will still remain a solitary spark amidst accumulated darkness, a spark which can be extinguished only with the flame of life itself. I will return to you, my mother, more worthy of your affection, or you shall see my face no more." He clasped his arms passionately round her, and Tetha felt by the heaving of his bosom how deeply he was affected. She folded him to her breast, and laying her cheek upon his, remained in silent indulgence of her sorrow. Guthlac gently withdrew himself from her embrace, and sought to divert her attention; conscious of his intention, she endeavored to assume a greater degree of composure, but without venturing to speak, she cut off one of the brightest curls that shaded his beautiful brow, and having pressed it to her lips, she secured it in her bosom. Guthlac now mentioned the necessity he was under of taking leave of the Abbot that evening, and having obtained her consent to quit her for a short time, while she completed the arrangements for his departure, he ran with hasty steps to the monastery.

On arriving there, he proceeded immediately to the Abbot's apartment. The holy man was alone, and he perceived he had just risen from his knees; his countenance was paler than usual, although it wore its accustomed placidity; his smile was sad, but Guthlac fancied its expression was sweeter than he had ever beheld it. "My father!" said he, sinking before him and pressing his hand to his lips. "My son!" returned the Abbot, in a voice which he attempted to make firm, but whose deep and tremulous sound betrayed the ex-

cess of feeling that agitated him, gently inclining over him, 'I have prayed for a blessing on thee, and I trust thou wilt be blessed. Go forth then, beloved child of my affection, in the strength of Him who alone armeth for the battle, and be safe in the keeping of Him, whose favor alone is protection; but I have many things to say to thee yet—we will, however, go into the air, for I feel the event unusually oppressive.' He arose, and led the way. As he was about to depart, Guthlac cast a farewell look round the apartment, and as he did so, his eyes rested on some of the volumes and other implements of science which had been placed there for his use; he remained transfixed to the spot; and the Abbot who had turned round in expectation of his offering him the support of his arm, caught the direction of his look, and was himself equally affected; his cheek became still paler, and his lip quivered; he involuntarily extended his arms towards Guthlac, who threw himself upon his bosom and wept in the fulness of his heart. "Let us go hence," said the Abbot, with some precipitation. Guthlac assisted him to his favorite seat on the brow of the hill on which the monastery was built, and placed himself beside him.

"It is past!" said he, after a pause, "'twas an earthly pleasure, and all terrestrial joys are transitory and vain—such is the will of Providence! and he who dwells in remembrance on the purest of his delights with too much regret, barbs afresh the arrow of sorrow, and adds a drop of bitterness in the cup of life, which philosophy and religion alike condemn. All, all is change below; but blessed for ever be the hope that speaks of joys which shall never fade nor know decay in those bright regions of eternal light." He raised his eyes to Heaven as he spoke, and for a moment fixed them on the tranquil sky, which was now faintly tinged with the last beams of the setting sun. "Behold, my Guthlac," he resumed, "an image of both our states; my race, like yon bright orb's, is nearly run; your's, like yon sparkling star now dawning in the east, is just commenced; that sinks but to rise again in renovated splendour—this rises but to sink again in obscurity; may your path in this continue to resemble it,—may it conduct you to meridian glory and immortal honor! but, mark me, Guthlac, and revere

the words of him whom experience has taught knowledge—wisdom alone is glory—virtue alone is honor.”

“But you do not condemn my determination, my father?” cried Guthlac; “you do not consider the profession of arms in itself sinful?” “I do not,” returned he; “the profession of arms is never sinful but when it is made so by its being pursued in an unlawful dispute; and when a thirst of fame on the one hand, and of revenge on the other, stifles the feelings of humanity, and makes war a pastime, and bloodshed a gratification. Mercy and universal benevolence are, indeed, the attributes of Heaven; but he who is distinguished as the Prince of Peace is also acknowledged as the Lord of Hosts. Thou hast therefore no cause for apprehension, while thou art thyself innocent; remember that thou art a Christian as well as a soldier, and that the action that would sully the character of the one, will equally degrade that of the other. Fear not the sneers of the unthinking or the licentious; true courage consists in daring to be virtuous amidst those who are base, while the worst species of cowardice is to pursue a line of conduct which your conscience condemns;—a pure heart will prove a stronger shield than the stoutest armour, and a mind at ease a more powerful defence than a hundred swords. Never then engage in an unjust cause, nor refuse thy assistance in an honorable one; be the defender of thy kind, and not their oppressor; forget not that thy direst enemy is a man like thyself; extend then forgiveness if he desire it; for, remember, a foe converted into a friend by generosity is a nobler conquest than a city subdued; and whether your career be long or short, suffer not your last hour to be embittered with the thought, that though thousands echo your name with applause, the feeble voices of the widow and the orphan rise in appeal at the tribunal of Heaven against you at the final day.”

Exhausted by the earnestness with which he spoke, the Abbot paused for a few moments; the shadows of evening were drawing around them; he noticed the circumstance, and added—“Now go, my son; age is garrulous, and affection would prompt me to detain thee still longer; but thy mother has a prior claim to thee, and thou must away.”

"Bless me then once more," cried Guthlac, kneeling in reverential awe before him. "I do bless thee," returned the Abbot with solemn emphasis, laying his hand upon his head, "and may the blessing be ratified in Heaven!" Guthlac clasped his knees; then springing up he kissed the reverend cheek of the holy man, and precipitately running down the hills was out of sight in an instant.

(To be continued.)

THE CATARACT OF MAYPURE.

FROM HUMBOLDT'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

ARRIVED at the summit of the rock, the eye suddenly takes in a sheet of foam extending a whole mile; enormous masses of black stone issue from its bosom; some are paps in pairs, like basaltic hills; others resemble towers, strong castles, and ruined buildings; their gloomy tint contrasts with the silvery splendour of the foam, every rock, every islet, is covered with vigorous trees, collected in clusters. At the foot of those paps, far as the eye can reach, a thick vapour is suspended over the river, the Oroonoko, and through this whitish fog the tops of the lofty palm-tree shoot up. The trunk of this tree is more than eighty feet high; its leafy plume has a brilliant lustre, and rises almost straight toward the sky. At every hour of the day the sheet of foam displays different aspects; sometimes the hilly islands and the palm-trees project their broad shadows; sometimes the rays of the setting sun are refracted in the humid cloud that shrouds the cataract, colored arks are formed, and vanish, and appear alternately, light sport of the air, their images wave above the plain. D. E.

THE LOST FALCON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 319, Vol. XV.)

ONE evening as Count von Swartzburg was present at an entertainment given by a nobleman in the vicinity, he was struck by the appearance of a beautiful woman, in splendid attire, resembling Christallina in all respects. Her extreme beauty attracted universal notice; and upon making enquiries relative to the mysterious stranger, he was told, she went by the name of Marchesa di Terrenci. After the crowd was in some measure diminished, she approached him, addressing him as follows—"You, Count von Swatzburg, have not, I presume, lately heard from your friend, Count Albrecht?" "No," answered he, "not for some time past." "Then," said she "I can tell you, that he has returned to his castle, on the banks of the Rhine, and as far as outward appearance goes, he seems happy; but they who think so know not his heart. He is about to enter into a matrimonial engagement with a relation of his; but woe be to him and his intended bride! If he dares to accept her hand, be assured, my vengeance, which those who once feel forget not easily, shall sooner or later overtake him. The cruel death of the falcon," added she, "although it tore him from my heart, could not protect him from my revenge." So saying, she disappeared among the crowd, and was seen no more that evening. Upon further enquiry, the Count found that nobody was acquainted with her, neither knew they from whence she came, or whither she went, after her sudden departure from the entertainment. Rudolph, awed by the solemn manner of her address, and fearful lest disastrous consequences should follow such a warning, lost no time in communicating what had happened to Albrecht, entreating him as he valued his own safety and the happiness of his intended bride, to delay the solemnization of the nuptials for a short period. Unhappily the letter came too late for Albrecht to benefit by its contents. He had already led his cousin Clara, in all the bloom and beauty of youth to the altar. She had been brought up at a neighboring convent, and since her mother's death,

had been received into her aunt's family, where she was looked upon in the light of a daughter. Albrecht had seen her frequently there, and a mutual affection having sprung up between them, they were united by the consent of her guardians. Count Albrecht, young and handsome, possessed something so noble and commanding in his countenance, so affable and fascinating in his address, that it was not to be wondered that Clara became deeply enamoured of him; and she hoped in his love and protection to ground all her future prospects of happiness. Alas! poor girl, how much she was deceived! Though possessed of many noble qualities, Albrecht had imbibed a wildness and ferocity from his occupations and former roaming life, that ill accorded with the mild disposition of his gentle mate. These circumstances, therefore, naturally embittered her anticipated dream of bliss. Count Rudolph's ill-timed communication, visibly affected his conduct towards her. He now more than ever wandered about in the hidden recesses of the forests with his hawks, seeking in vain to dissipate the fearful forebodings that pressed heavily on his mind. On his return late in the evenings, his cold and repulsive manner, added to the dark terror of his contracted brow, caused his wife to shudder at his presence, and in some measure to fear him. This fear had increased since one day, in reply to her remonstrances, as to his not frequenting the chapel at the usual times of service, he answered roughly, "What should I do there?" Towards the evening, poor Clara's apprehensions were renewed, as her husband always returned at that time, and she was used to see his tall shadow glide along the wall of the summer-house in which she retired to read, expanded to a giant shape, as reflected by the rays of the setting sun. His return in itself always conveyed an indescribable feeling, but the dreadful shadow had something so terrible in it, that she ran to the window to convince herself that her husband had not in reality assumed so hideous a form as the shadow represented. One evening in particular, she was more than usually appalled by the reflected appearance. It came not as it was wont to do with slow and pensive step, but glided across the wall with a quickness she had never before witnessed. Upon rising to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary occurrence, she saw her husband turn the

corner; contrary to custom, he did not proceed to the falconry, but came with a quick and agitated step, the bird still on his wrist, directly towards the spot she had retired to.

"Clara, my dear wife," cried he, an ashy paleness overspreading his convulsed features, "prepare, prepare yourself for the worst!" He had scarcely uttered these terrible words, when a woman, wrapped in a black veil, entered the apartment, and, going up to Clara, unveiled herself. "Your husband," so began the unknown, reddening, "your husband has been guilty of a crime against me, as well as yourself; I am, and still continue to be, his first and lawful wife. Consider then," added she, with a sarcastic sneer, "in what light I must look upon you!" "Count Albrecht," said the justly-irritated Clara, "it is for you, not me, to answer this woman, to tell her who we are, and how we stand connected." "Spare your pride until a fitter opportunity," retorted Christallina, "you see by his trembling how little he is in his proper place." "Vile woman!" exclaimed Albrecht, "do you accuse me of want of courage, you, who by hellish arts have ensnared my soul. Avaunt! malicious demon! I defy your machinations. This woman is mine by the approbation of the holy Church, and mine she shall ever remain." "Clara," vociferated the enraged Christallina, "beware, and dread my vengeance; for both your sakes, break off all further connection with him." "Never!" replied she, "that I will not, dare not do. It belongs rather to you to relinquish that which never was, and never can be your's." "You have pronounced your own sentence," cried the infuriated Christallina, her eyes beaming with such an unnatural fire, that Clara shuddered to meet their gaze: "mine he shall remain, even in death, whilst you must content yourself with his shadow." With a bitter smile, she seized the Count and dragged him from the room. Clara vainly attempted to cling to him, her strength failed her, and she sank senseless to the ground. Her aunt was much shocked to discover her in this situation, and it was for some time before Clara could communicate to her the dreadful scene that had just taken place. Poor Clara was totally insensible to any consolation her aunt attempted to afford her, who after remaining with her for some time accompanied her to her chamber. There she fell into a deep reverie, which, from her excessive agitation, soon

gave way to a quiet slumber. She was, however, suddenly awakened by a rustling noise against the wall, she thought she heard her husband, according to custom, hanging his night watch up there. "God be praised!" she exclaimed, "you are safe returned at last, dear Albrecht." She received no answer. Again she distinctly heard the clothes of his bed lifted up, and some person lay down in it. Trembling with affright, she called on him again; but still no answer. She then sprang up, took the shade from the night-lamp, and with a wild and terrified glance, searched the chamber through; but she still saw nothing. She now took up the lamp, and tottered to Albrecht's bed. Oh! what words can describe the icy chill of horror that crept over her agitated frame, when she discovered the bed empty and untouched, and the watch she had so lately heard against the wall not in its place! The cold dews of fear sat on her pallid brow, and pervaded her trembling limbs, as she stared wildly on the lonely bed, and the dreadful presentiment of evil darted across her mind. She had scarcely extinguished the lamp, and returned to her bed, when she again heard a noise in that of her husband; she listened attentively, and distinguished the loud breathings of a person sleeping; it became every moment stronger. She sprang to Albrecht's bed with the full conviction of finding him there, when, to her inexpressible terror, all was lone and still as before. Although nobody appeared to be in the bed, she lifted up the clothes with a palpitating heart; it was empty, and in complete order, and it was this dreadful order, combined with the foregoing mysterious circumstances, that almost occasioned the loss of her senses. The horrid thought now occurred, that her husband must be dead, and that this was the shadow with which Christallina had threatened her, come to deceive her with the fond hope that it was Albrecht himself. To her bed she dared not return, and shuddering even at the thought of remaining alone in the fearful chamber, she left it; but although she closed the door after her, the loud noise of a sleeper still rang in her ears, and followed her as far as the three rooms through which she passed. At length in an agony of superstitious horror, she threw herself at the foot of a crucifix, erected in a small recess, in a distant apartment, and there poured forth her soul in fervent prayer until the morning light burst through the windows of the room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. VI.

MR. MONTGOMERY.

THOSE readers who make books the vehicle of amusement rather than instruction, (and who form the much greater number of the reading public) are apt to get their minds entranced so much by the great luminaries in the literary hemisphere, that they overlook the satellites around them. Those who read poetry much, are thoroughly acquainted with the beauties of Byron, Moore, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, &c. &c. and these names seem to form a cabinet of excellence, beyond which they do not seek for poetic beauty.

The subject of the present article is one of those poets who though on the *immediate* production of each of his works has been much applauded by the critics, and fostered by the town, yet has otherwise been little regarded or known. Mr. Montgomery's productions differ as much from the wild sublimity and piercing horrors of some of our modern writers, as the placid Lake of Lemman does from the dreadful Fall of Niagara. We are never astonished by the flights of his genius, nor offended by the irregularity of his numbers; his pages are not polluted with the breath of blasphemy, nor sullied by the misanthropy of his contemporaries; but at the same time we feel they are not adorned with their beauties. His readers will rise as much delighted as instructed from his efforts, and the severer critic will admit him to be a *pleasing*, though the mildest will not call him a *great*, poet.

We must own, we feel our censures rebuked by the remembrance, that Mr. Montgomery has written many of his poems in the gloomy walls of a prison. He mentions the *circumstance*, in a preface to his miscellaneous poems, but not the *cause*. Mr. Montgomery is the editor of a provincial newspaper, and we believe, the severity of his remarks on different persons led to indictments for libels, which ended in our poet's incarceration at two or three different periods.

Most poets are happiest in their minor productions; in no instance does this remark hold more strongly than in the works of Moore and Byron. But it is not so with Montgomery; his occasional effusions seldom rise above mediocrity, and, in fact, in taking a general review of his works, we feel him to be more indebted to education than to natural talent. He has more judgment than imagination; more sound sense than fine feeling, and is a stranger to those wild scintillations of a playful fancy, which catch the soul by surprise, and assimilate our feelings to that which we may believe belong to beings of a brighter sphere.

"The Wanderer of Switzerland," is, perhaps, the least happy of his productions; its construction is faulty, for nothing wearies the reader so much as dialogue, and there is little in the language to atone for that tedium; it is common-place in the extreme, of which the following may be taken as an instance:—

WANDERER.

Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale.

WANDERER'S WIFE.

Help! oh, help! my daughter dies.

WANDERER.

Calm thy transports, oh! my wife;
Peace, for these dear orphans' sake. (sakes)

WANDERER'S WIFE.

Oh! my joy, my hope, my life!
Oh! my child! my child, awake!

WANDERER.

God! oh, God! whose goodness gives,
God! whose wisdom takes away,
Spare my child——

SHEPHERD.

She lives! she lives!

WANDERER.

Lives my daughter, did you say?
God Almighty! on my knees,
In the dust will I adore,
Thine unsearchable decrees,
She was dead, she lives once more.

Now it should be remembered, that this lady *only fainted*—

she expresses her excessive anguish for the loss of her husband, Albert, and is reproved by her father, and reminded of her children. She professes her love for them and her parents, and determines to be resigned to the will of Heaven, on which her father exclaims—

On thy faithful neck I fall,
Kiss me—are we reconciled?"

This is any thing but adapted to touch the feelings; however likely such a scene is to take place in real life, we want something beyond this John Trot detail. The praise of perspicuity we can certainly accord to this poem, for there are, perhaps, few nurseries in which it would not be comprehended; it never abberates out of the straight line of common-sense, and is destitute of interest or imagination. The verse he has adopted is not pleasing, especially in a long poem. It is not, however, entirely without beauties, though of a very minor class; for instance—

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,
Heedless though her babe was by,
Prattling to its father dead.

The idea of the unconscious child, prattling to its dead father, strikes to the heart; but the picture of the mother is by no means good.

His Ode to the Volunteers of Britain abounds with blemishes without beauties to redeem them. At first he says the *blue* monsters of the deep shall prey on our foes," (really an odd idea as *soldiers* do not fight much at sea) but on second thought, he cries,

No, they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' *maws*.

* * * * *

The rushing armies meet,
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

Here is an elegant description; the sea monsters have their *maws unsatisfied*, and when the rushing armies meet, the earth, (doubtless being a friend to sea-monsters) shudders at their feet. We hence discover that an earthquake is nothing more than the shuddering of the earth, with hor-

ror we presume at the gauntness of our enemies. It is an unpleasant task to notice the faults of an author; but like the executive part of the penal code, however painful, it is necessary. The literary, like the criminal, judge must pronounce sentence without regard to individual feeling, which is merged in the interest of society at large; sensible, therefore, how little we have to commend, we close this volume which we wish no further to condemn, and turn to another and a brighter production, "The World before the Flood." In page 6 of this poem, these lines occur—

The morning battle scene at eve was spread,
With ghastly heaps the dying and the dead.

Darwin, we think, in his Eliza, has the line—

O'er GROANING heaps the dying and the dead.

Two or three instances of this kind appear in this poem, for which, however, we do not mean to stigmatize Mr. Montgomery as a plagiarist. Sheridan has truly said, that "faded recollections float in the fancy, like half forgotten dreams, and the imagination, in its fullest enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted."

For the age Mr. Montgomery speaks of, the description of Javan's harp, &c. argues a much greater progress in the arts than the Antedelvians could possibly have obtained.

If Mr. Montgomery's descriptions want force, they have a locality that almost compensates for its loss: the following lines are very beautiful—

Earth wore one Summer robe of living green,
In heav'n's blue arch the sun alone was seen,
Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.

The description of Javan's meeting with Zillah, after his desertion, is exquisitely given—

If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain
To love with secret hope, yet love in vain,
If months and years, in pining silence worn,
'Till doubts and fear might be no longer borne,
In evening shades, thy faltering tongue confess'd,
The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast,
While at each pause the streamlet purl'd along,
And rival woodlands echoed song for song,

Recall the maiden's look, the eye, the cheek,
 The blush that spoke what language could not speak,
 Recall her look, when, at the altar's side,
 She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride ;
 Such was to Javan Zillah's form and face,
 The flower of meekness on a stem of grace.

• • • • •

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gaz'd,
 With quicker swell her hidden bosom rais'd
 The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
 Their golden wreaths from her reclining head,
 A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
 Her clos'd lip quivered, as in act to speak ;
 At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell,
 The name of " Javan ! " and a low " farewell ! "
 Tranquil again her cheek resum'd its hue,
 And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

Javan's soliloquy on Zillah's repulsing him on their meeting is likewise powerfully written—

Am I so chang'd by suffering—so forgot,
 That love disowns me—Zillah knows me not ?
 Ah, no ! she shrinks from my disastrous fate ;
 She dare not love me, and she cannot hate.
 'Tis just ; I merit this. When nature's womb
 Ingulph'd my kindred in one common tomb,
 Why was I spared ? a reprobate by birth,
 To Heav'n rebellious, unallied on earth,
 Whither, oh ! whither shall the outcast flee ?
 There is no home, no peace, nor hope for me.
 I the hate worldling's vanity and noise ;
 I have no fellow-feeling in his joys.
 This is the portion of my cup below—
 Silent, unmingled, solitary woe,
 To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain ;
 Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain,
 And cling with black despair from breath to breath,
 To nought in life, except the fear of death.

There is much truth and nature in the last of these lines—

Thither he watched her, while her course she bore,
Nor ceas'd to gaze when she was seen no more.

The first is objectionable ; " while her course she bore " is better applied to a ship in full sail, than to the walk of a lovely woman, who had *flitted* from him, and of whose light form he only occasionally caught glimpses—

Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade
Shone to the sun, or darkened in the shade.

In the song of the creation there are many beauties; the following lines are not the least among them—

Then God—

Created woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face.

A love of alliteration is pretty observable, but as no sacrifices are made of sense to sound, we shall only record, not censure them—

Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
"His noblest numbers"—"the tide and tempest"—"a maze of melody"
The sun had set in glory on their sight.

and several others, all within two or three pages. But after all, this poem scarcely answers its title, and contains less generality of description than we should have anticipated in such a production.

In his poem of *The Pillow*, we suspect he makes a transcript of his own feelings and sufferings, rather than those of a friend. It would swell this essay beyond the limits were we to quote this beautiful little poem, (perhaps the best of his *minor* productions): these lines are excellent—

Oh, knowledge! worthless at the price;
Bought with the loss of Paradise.

In a small poem called "*The Ocean*," he says the sea "*was dimpled with oars*," and "*dark with the gale*," both of these ideas are absurd and unnatural; of this kind also is the following amusing distich—

Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rush'd from their den,
We taught them, we tam'd them, *we turn'd them to men.*

Our ancestors were certainly a very surprising race. Prometheus was a fool to them in the art of man-making. They could have transformed all the tigers in Bengal into useful citizens; but alas! this art, like that of staining glass, is lost to the moderns.

Mr. M. has produced "*The West Indies*," and "*Greenland*," poems of great merit, far superior to his "*Switzerland*," but certainly inferior to "*The World before the Flood*," which may be fairly reckoned his *chef d'œuvre*. Though far behind Byron, Moore, and Scott, he is worth a hundred of "the Lakers," and stands in poetic estimation on a par with Campbell and Rogers.

THE BOARDING HOUSE;

OR,

Outlines of Character.

BY DAVID DELINEATE, Esq.

THE stationary inmates of this truly-comfortable mansion have been recently amused by the peculiarities of a city importation, which for reasons which will presently be sufficiently obvious, I shall introduce under the significant designation of the Fudge family. The bustle their arrival created was not small; for it was no easy matter to find apartments exactly suited to the contrary tastes and habits of the several members of the family, though a great variety were submitted to their choice, which happened just then to be unoccupied. Mrs. Fudge threw out many hints of the superiority of her own residence; but allowed that travellers must submit to inconveniences however painful; and at length under pretence of being persuaded that elevated situations were most conducive to health, chose an apartment in the upper story, which she hired at a rent considerably lower than either of the others. "Not that it was any object to her, for she had no occasion to grudge herself any thing; but her health was a most material consideration, and she would advise her daughters to consult their's also, by choosing a room on the same floor." This, however, was warmly opposed by the young ladies, who declared they had running up and down stairs enough in London, and wished now to enjoy a little rest and comfort. They therefore decided for chambers on the first-floor; but regretted extremely, that they were in the back part of the house, where they could see nothing that was going on. Finding that they would not be satisfied with any other than the best furnished room in the house, Mrs. Fudge began to compromise, telling them that if she indulged them in this whim, they must be very good girls, and be sure not to let their father know the price she would have to pay. "Not that my good man," she added, turning to Mrs. Varnish, "ever denies us any

thing; but he might think it rather extravagant for the girls to have such very expensive apartments; but, poor things! I like to humor them a little now and then."

It did certainly appear rather strange, that the young ladies were to be gratified at the expence of their father's prudence and their mother's veracity; but the reason of it was soon divulged, as by adopting a petty species of chicanery, poor Mrs. Fudge, in her never-ceasing attempts to deceive her husband, suffered her daughters to get her (according to the vulgar phrase) completely under their thumb. To explain this, it may be necessary to go back a little way into the private history of the lady, who had, it is true, noble blood in her veins, being the natural daughter of a peer. Her mother was of humble origin, and unfortunately possessed of more beauty than virtue. The scanty stipend allowed by Lord M——, for the support of herself and child, might, however, with economy, have been found sufficient; but Mrs. Townsend, (for that was the name she went by,) was no economist; and she brought up her daughter in habits of indolence, without considering what might be her future destiny; the consequence was, that, at her mother's death, Caroline had no resource but servitude, and even for that her inexperience and habitual idleness almost entirely disqualified her. A relation of her mother's, who was in easy circumstances, compassionating her situation, offered her an asylum in her house, in the hope of making her useful, and enabling her at the same time to acquire the means of providing for herself. Caroline, though not a very docile pupil, was well disposed and anxious to oblige. Being a fine shewy girl, she attracted a considerable share of notice; and among the young men who visited at the house, was one who paid her particular attention. He was recently established in business, and bore a good character for sobriety and diligence. Caroline's friend, who had really her interest at heart, and possessed no small share of worldly policy, pointed out to her the advantage of securing her conquest, and urged the positive necessity of her appearing careful and industrious before such a prudent man as Mr. Fudge. Caroline stuck to the letter of this admonition, and certainly took the utmost pains to *appear* so, at the stated periods of his visits, by always having her work in her hand, though it is

probable she had not touched a needle during the whole of the day; he would then, coaxing, beg of her not to spoil her fine eyes by such close application to needle-work, but refresh herself and gratify him by indulging him with her company in a half-hour's ramble. During these agreeable strolls Mr. Fudge gradually disclosed his honorable intentions, and Caroline yielding a willing hand, became his wife. It is true, the good man in course of time found out that his lady was not exactly the frugal, industrious character he had expected to find her, and some sharp remonstrances ensued, which he flattered himself would effect an amendment; and so it did to outward appearance; but Mrs. Fudge recollecting how well she had succeeded in her first attempt at deception, resolved on trying her hand again at the same game, and as business was encreasing, and her husband too much engaged in his own concerns, to interfere very much with her, she found it no difficult matter to make him believe that she was both clever and economical. When she happened to set her mind on any pretty bauble, which she knew he would consider both unnecessary and extravagant, she would contrive to employ some convenient friend to purchase it for her, and then send it as a present; and was frequently so fortunate as to *find* a ring, a brooch, or a fan, which being never claimed, was to be considered fairly her own property. When her wardrobe required any addition, the dress-maker was concealed for two or three days in an attic, and Mr. Fudge easily persuaded, that her new gown, spencer, or pelisse, were of her own making. These, and other deceptive contrivances, became in time so natural to her, that even after she was a mother, she continued to practise them, and the children learnt from their earliest years, that the surest way to obtain her favor was by deceiving their father; every indulgence she permitted them was represented as entirely without his knowledge, and they were in consequence readily induced to consider him a severe and parsimonious parent. But as they grew older, they began more fully to comprehend their mother's system, and had just sufficient cunning to turn it to their own account, by insisting upon as their right what they had heretofore accepted at her hands as maternal indulgences, and made

her, by their insolence and extortion pay dearly for their enjoined secrecy.

An unexpected legacy having made Mr. Fudge an opulent man in the eyes of his neighbors, his family began to consider themselves of more consequence, and would have launched into a higher style of living had he not been possessed of sufficient prudence to know that the amplest fortune may be dissipated by extravagance and bad management; he therefore persisted in many of his former frugal habits; but was at length persuaded to permit the removal of his daughters from the day-school where they had received the rudiments of a plain and useful education, to an *establishment* of higher repute, where they might acquire a few accomplishments and form better connexions. Here the Misses Fudge remained about three years, and learnt every thing—but what was likely to qualify them for the important duties they might one day be called upon to discharge; and great was Mr. Fudge's surprise, when one day he jocosely addressed his eldest daughter, with "Well, Fanny, I suppose you can now make me a set of shirts as well, or better, than your mother," to hear her answer with a stare, "La, pa! do you imagine we had any time for needlework at B—— House?" "For needlework!" repeated the surprised Mr. Fudge, "no time for needlework! why what the dickens then did you do all day?" "Why gracious, pa! we had enough to do; there was two hours of the day for music, one for drawing; then there was the French master, and the dancing lessons and practice, and half-an-hour's walk round the square before dinner, and half-an-hour after dinner, and dressing at noon, and curling our hair at night; and using the reclining board which took another half-hour every day." "The reclining board, child! what's that?" "Why la, pa! that is a board which we lie down upon to keep us in proper shape." "Well, I vow," cried Fudge, angrily, "had I known of such doings I would have kept my money in my pockets, I warrant you." The young ladies smiled at each other in contempt of their father's confined notions of what was genteel and proper; but the poor man was not sparing of his self-reproaches when he found that his girls, from being thrown, or I may say, thrust into the society of young ladies of rank and fortune,

had acquired airs of superiority and habits of indolence very ill befitting tradesmen's daughters. Mrs. Fudge was, however, very proud of her daughter's attainments, and strove as much as possible to keep their deficiency in essential points from her husband's knowledge, and hoped, by a speculative exhibition of her darlings at some of the fashionable watering places, to get them introduced, by means of their schoolfellows, into genteel circles, where they might get well married out of her way.—But the dinner-bell rings, and I must leave the Fudge family for future discussion.

D. D.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

THE King of Lovango, in Nether Ethiopia, has particular customs in eating and drinking, for which he keeps two different houses, one to eat in, and the other to drink in; and although he has many houses, yet by virtue of this custom, he must use no other. He makes two meals a day; the first in the morning about ten o'clock, when his meat is brought in covered with baskets, near which a man goes with a great bell, to give notice to every one of the coming of the king's dishes; whereupon the king, as soon as he is acquainted with it, leaves the company he is with, and goes thither; but the domestics all go away, because none, either man or beast, must see him eat but must die; and therefore he eats with his doors shut. How strictly they observe this custom appears by the ensuing relation:—A Portuguese of Lovango, named St. Paulo, lying in Angola to trade, had presented the king with a brave dog, which for his faithfulness, he loved very much. This dog, not sufficiently looked to by his keeper, while the king was eating, ran smelling, and seeking of his master, whom he missed, and came at length without any body's noticing him to the door, which with his nose he thrust open, and went to the king, whom he saw eating; but the king caused his servants instantly with a rope, to put the dog to death; for be it a man or child, mouse, cat, or dog, or any other living creature that hath seen the king eat, if it can be gotten, it escapes not death.

MARIAN MELFORT;

A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.

(Concluded from page 330, Vol. XV.)

STILL cherishing the fond hope of again being united to him, who in joy or sorrow was still equally dear to her, the unfortunate writer of the preceding memoir struggled against the rapid progress of a disease, which all but herself knew to be mortal; and having scrupulously discharged every claim on her scantily-furnished purse, she made preparations for proceeding as economically as possible to Falmouth. She had not, however, proceeded far before fatigue and the want of proper nourishment had such a visible effect upon her frame, that the passengers of the coach, on the outside of which she had taken her place, alarmed for her life, entreated her to rest at the next inn, and notwithstanding her reluctance, she found herself at length obliged to submit; but the anguish of her mind in consequence may be easily imagined, when thus unexpectedly thrown upon a bed of sickness, destitute of friends or resources, with two helpless children looking up to her for succour and support, which she was unable to afford them. The people who kept the inn were civil and attentive; but finding her situation extremely alarming, they importuned her to send to some of her connexions, and thus pressed, she could only faintly articulate the name and address of Mrs. Crawford. A letter was dispatched to that lady; and Marian awaited the result with a degree of anxiety which almost bordered on despair. The medical gentlemen who had been called in, expressed it as his opinion, that a very few days would terminate her mortal career. Mrs. Melfort received this information with resignation, but not without regret; for she still clung to earthly ties, and felt all a mother's pangs at the prospect of an eternal separation. It seemed as if her strong desire to live inspired her with fresh energies; for, contrary to expectation, she got so much better, as to be

able to sit up, and add a few lines to her manuscript, explanatory of her present situation, which she then sealed, and directed to her former friend and school-fellow, and requested that in the event of her decease, it might be carefully forwarded. This done, she awaited with composure the result of her last application to Mrs. Crawford.

At length the anxiously-expected letter arrived; she eagerly tore it open, perused the contents with breathless trepidation, then suddenly throwing her arms round her children, she drew them convulsively to her bosom, and sunk lifeless on the floor. The cries of the children soon drew some people to the chamber, who raised her fragile form, and administered proper restoratives, but without effect—she had breathed her last sigh; and the open letter in her hand, served only to decide the fate of her children. Its contents were these—

TO MRS. MELFORT.

MADAM,

I am concerned to inform you, that your application to Mrs. Crawford came too late; that lady having been dead above a week. As one of the late Mr. Crawford's executors, I have authority to state, that your children are to inherit the property left at her decease, of which a correct statement shall be made in due time; and for present exigences, I have subjoined a draft upon the — Bank. If your health will permit, I would recommend your returning to town immediately upon the receipt of this, as the children have proper guardians appointed by the deceased.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

PAUL WESTLAND.

The sudden revulsion of feeling which this unexpected intelligence occasioned, had proved too much for the shattered nerves of poor Marian, yet a gleam of joy gilded the last moments of a life which had been a chequered scene of indiscretion and remorse, suffering and resignation.

Information being sent to Mr. Westland of the melancholy event, he kindly repaired to D—— to take charge of the

little orphans, and make the necessary arrangements for their mother's interment. The narrative of her errors and sufferings he carefully preserved, as the person to whom it was addressed still continued abroad, and was at a subsequent period communicated to her children, as a warning against the romantic error of forming clandestine attachments, or encouraging the seductive idea, that personal attraction, amusing talents, or insinuating manners, are sufficient to secure happiness in marriage, or success in life.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

"IN the course of my reading," as a great law-lord, long since gathered with his forefathers, frequently used to say, I met with a curious *morceau* in the prose writings of the celebrated Wieland, author of many works of genius and wit, issued from the press in Germany. It consists of an exquisite and striking portraiture of individuals of both sexes in this world, generally considered as born to misfortunes; and conceiving that a translation of this passage might not prove unacceptable, or uninteresting to the major part of your readers, I have ventured to give you the following one:—

"From time to time," says our author, "there are to be seen persons born to misfortunes, whom Fate seems very expressly to have condemned to perpetual sufferings in their outward and inward man; people, whom one is tempted to view in the light of living proofs of the ancient Brackmanic persuasion, and who might make us feel inclined, in justification of the doctrine of fatalism so strictly applying to them, to believe that they have once more been incarcerated in a human body, merely for the expiation of crimes committed by them in a former life. At the very moment of their birth all circumstances appear to have conspired against their happiness.

"With an innate noble pride, with the strongest propensity to independence, with the most ardent desire for glory,

with a soul full of sensibility, disposed to beneficence, to liberality, to a certain greatness in all things; in short, with what our progenitors were wont to call a princely mind, with qualities that would adorn the offspring of a monarch, but which seem to have been bestowed on them for their misfortune,—they are, from their very infancy, doomed to a state of dependence and restraint, which in proportion as their character develops itself and acquires strength, becomes an everlasting source of mortification and suffering to them. Every instant their inmost feelings revolt, either against their destiny, or even against each other, and their life is an incessant contest between their best inclinations and their utter impotence; between their most vivid self-pride and their no less lively sympathy for others; between their noble spirit and their abject poverty; between their ambition and their gratitude; between their inflexibility and that compliance which a benefactor always supposes he has a just right to expect from him (or her) who is obliged to live by his grace."

It must be allowed, that Wieland possessed a profound knowledge of the human heart, or he could not have drawn so characteristic a picture of those unfortunate beings he is treating of. They are, I opine, to be met with, more or less in all places but, above every other, most in this country and in France, where the fluctuations of wealth, owing to a variety of extraneous and internal causes, produce very often the most ruinous effects on a great number of worthy and highly respectable families.

My principal aim in the foregoing communication, through the medium of your entertaining and instructive miscellany, is to awaken in the minds of the great and the opulent, a proper sense of the injustice they are daily committing by an aggravation of the wrongs of fortune, which the above-mentioned individuals are forced to endure, and at the same time, to induce the former to act towards them with becoming liberality, and in the true spirit of Christianity. Were it possible for me to attain this aim, no man would think himself better rewarded for his pains, than, sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

Hackney Road, 21st March, 1822.

J. B. D.

REFLECTIONS ON A BIRTH-DAY.

THERE are peculiar seasons and occurrences in the existence of every individual, which are eminently calculated to awaken serious reflection even in those who are least disposed to meditation. No period, however, seems more appropriate to recall us to consideration than the return of our birthday. Engaged either by the amusements or the occupations of life, time passes so imperceptibly away, that if we were not occasionally reminded of the truth, we should probably be totally forgetful of its flight. One revolution succeeds another with such rapidity, that anticipation is almost actual possession, and possession is little more than annihilation. The bright beam of morning is soon lost in the setting ray of evening, and evening again as quickly becomes morning. Spring blossoms in the cold bosom of Winter, and the flowers of Summer, and the fruits of Autumn again give place to cheerless views and chilling blasts. In like manner, infancy expands into youth, and youth as rapidly ripens into maturity—maturity soon subsides into feebleness, and life itself passes away as a watch in the night. We admit the truth of these observations, but we rarely consider them in reference to ourselves: “All men think all men mortal but themselves.” In vain do we behold in the decay of others an assurance of our own, or read in the mutability of all things that we too must change: while health invigorates our frame, the lines of thought and care may deepen on our brow, but that which we most easily perceive in others, the advance of age, is least observed in ourselves. We take no note of time,” says a celebrated moralist, “but from its loss,” and that loss is never more forcibly brought to our recollection than on a day like the present. The sum of our years then strikes upon our imagination in the liveliest manner, and the past, the present, and the future, arise before us, and cause a momentary pause at least in our thoughtless career. In the celebration of our natal day, we are naturally reminded that another year has been deducted from the term of our existence, and

that consequently eternity is another year nearer to us. The first reflection, therefore, that suggests itself (is one of the most awful import, and at the same time of the greatest moment of our future happiness—the manner in which we have allowed the former portion of our life to pass. Few, indeed, are those who can dwell on this idea without some apprehension: of time misapplied, or improperly occupied, of opportunities neglected, or advantages abused, of passions unsubdued, or inclinations gratified, even at the expence of reason—how many instances will conscience in most cases present to our view! Nor is it probable, that all the transactions that have marked our past years, will be remembered; many events that have now escaped our recollection would, if brought to mind, justly create our concern; but though they have escaped from our memory, neither the years that are fled, nor the transactions to which they have given birth, are forgotten by ‘Him with whom a thousand years are but as yesterday.’ They have made their report, and on that report we must stand or fall. Such a consideration alone might serve as a check to that thoughtless mirth in which some might be inclined to indulge, but which the greater number would probably feel unsuitable; for if the past create in us serious reflection, the present will in most minds awaken a pensive one. The feelings which this day excites participate in a great degree both of pleasure and pain. The very congratulations of those around us, create an indefinite sensation, and the smile which gratified affection calls forth is frequently followed by the involuntary tear. Remembrance is on this occasion more than usually busy, and the heart is consequently susceptible of the tenderest impressions. Parents, kindred, nay, the house of our fathers, and the scene of our childish or youthful joys, arise to our imagination; though blessed with kind friends, whose regard is an incentive to future exertion, and a reward for past sufferings or toils, still memory whispers there were friends who once congratulated us on the same day, who are far distant from us, or who are now no more; voices that once sounded sweetly on our ears, that are now hushed for ever, hearts that once beat warmly in our welfare, who are now indifferent to us. These cannot be thought of without some emotions of regret; nor, perhaps, can it be entirely forgotten,

that though new connexions are contracted, and new ties of tenderness formed, still these also may in their turn fade away, and leave no other wreck than their remembrance. On this occasion, therefore, Joy may not inaptly be said to borrow the lightest garb of her sister Sorrow. It would, however, be extremely improper to dwell upon impressions like these, and allow them to embitter the happiness we may feel disposed to enjoy; on the contrary, it is our duty to be cheerful, and to hail the return of our nativity with grateful, though chastened delight, and with humble confidence for the future. Existence is a blessing under every circumstance, and, independent of the high privileges attached to it, the life of every one will afford abundant causes for the most sincere feelings of thankfulness. On a retrospect of the past, we shall find that mercies have been multiplied upon us, which we neither deserved nor probably desired, that in our bitterest sorrows we were not left without their accompanying comforts, and that even in the distresses that most pained our hearts, we had in reality more cause to bless the hand that wounded us, than to murmur at the decree that assigned the suffering. What, therefore, our beneficent Creator has been, he most assuredly will be, if we do not forfeit his protection by our own conduct. His arm is not shortened, that he cannot save, neither will He ever forget to be gracious. In the years to come, (should He be pleased to extend our existence) we have no rational ground for distrust. All is in His direction, and according to His will; and past experience will convince us that what He wills is best. Yes! though earthly comforts should fail, and cares encrease, though sorrow should assail, or sickness afflict us, or though we should even 'walk in the valley of the shadow of death, yet shall we have no cause for apprehension, no occasion to repine.' He that neither sleepeth nor slumbereth will be with us, His rod and staff shall comfort us. Let us then enjoy the present blessings He has bestowed upon us, and while we resolve to employ the remainder of our days in a manner consistent with their importance, let us feel no other regret for the past than such as arises from a conviction of its misapplication, nor any fears for the future, but such as our own unworthiness suggests.

March 31st, 1822.

S.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

THE PROVOST, By the Author of "The Annals of the Parish," "Ayrshire Legatees," and "Sir Andrew Wylie." 8vo. pp. 360. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London. 1822.

"During a recent visit to the West Country," says the author in his Introduction, "among other old friends, we paid our respects to Mrs. Pawkie, the relict of the Provost of that name, who three several times enjoyed the honor of being chief magistrate of Gudetown. Since the death of her worthy husband, and the comfortable settlement in life of her youngest daughter, Miss Jenny, who was married last year to Mr. Caption, writer to the Signet, she has been, as she told us herself, 'beeking in the town o' the conquest which the gudeman had, wi' sic an ettling o' pains and industry, gathered for his family.'"

"Our conversation naturally diverged into various topics, and among others, we discoursed at large on the manifold improvements which had taken place, both in town and country, since we visited the Royal Borough. This led the widow, in a complimentary way, to advert to the hand which it is alleged we have had in the editing of the most excellent work, entitled, 'Annals of the Parish of Dalmailing,' intimating, that she had a book in the hand-writing of her deceased husband, the Provost, filled with a variety of most curious matter; in her opinion of far more consequence to the world than any book that we had ever been concerned in putting out." In this unaffected strain, the writer introduces this present volume, which, for its general characteristics, must be deemed an essential companion to "The Annals of the Parish." We fear, however, that it will not be held in equal estimation; some particular features in the work indicate, too obviously, indeed, a want of adequate reflection and care. We do not, we cannot attribute any deficiency in the performance to the poverty of imagination, nor any inaccuracy to inability of judgment; for we are persuaded that the author of the well-written "Annals," might have

rendered the narratives of the Provost equally admirable. It is really to be regretted, that the elevations of conscious genius, should ever lead its possessor indiscreetly to neglect the humbler, but not less requisite, aids of studious industry. The volume before us consists of a series of detached scenes, forming something analogous to an historical view of the different important and interesting circumstances in which the Provost was personally engaged, during his long magisterial life. Accordingly, in the first chapter, the Provost is introduced as judiciously observing, that, "It must be allowed in the world, that a man who has thrice reached the highest station in life, in his line, has a good right to set forth the particulars of the discretion and prudence by which he lifted himself so far above the ordinaries of his day and generation: indeed, the generality of mankind may claim this as a duty; for the conduct of public men, as it has often been wisely said, is a species of public property, and their rules and observances have in all ages been considered things of a national concernment. I have, therefore, well weighed the importance it may be of to posterity, to know by what means I have thrice been made an instrument to represent the supreme power and authority of Majesty, in the royal borough of Gudetown, and how I deported myself in that honor and dignity, so much to the satisfaction of my superiors in the state and commonwealth of the land, to say little of the great respect in which I was held by the townsfolk, and far less of the terror that I was to evil-doers."

The work is divided into forty-seven chapters; which, with some exceptions of hasty composition, and scantiness of detail, exhibit a series of entertaining scenes.

The Forecast,—The Contested Elections,—The Bribe,—An Execution,—A Riot,—The Spy,—The Meal Mob,—Improvement of the Streets,—Repair of the Kirk,—The Press-Gang,—The Windy Yule,—The Subscription, and some others, present the reader with a species of amusement, not, indeed, void of instruction; but, perhaps, in most instances, the author might have been more happy relative both to the materials and the execution of his work.

In giving an account of "The Spy," the Provost states, that "One day, in the month of August, I had gone on some private concernment of my own, to Kilmarnock, and Mr.

Booble, who was then oldest Bailie, naturally officiated as chief magistrate in my stead. On the said day, and during my absence, a Frenchman, that could speak no manner of English, somehow was discovered at the Cross-Key Inn. Mrs. Drawer, the landlady, did not like his looks, as he had altogether something of an unwholesome, outlandish appearance. Finding he was a foreigner, and understanding that strict injunctions were laid on the magistrates by the king and government to arrest the egressing of such persons, she thought for the credit of her house, and the safety of the community at large, that it behoved her to send word to me, then Provost, of this man's visibility among us; but as I was not at home, Mrs. Pawkie, my wife, directed the messenger to Bailie Booble's. The Bailie went straight to the council-room, and sending for the rest of the council, ordered the alien enemy, as he called the forlorn Frenchman, to be brought before him. Neither Bailie Booble, nor those that were sitting with him, could speak any French language, and 'the alien enemy' was as little master of our tongue. I have often wondered how the Bailie did not jealousy that he could be no spy, seeing as in that respect he wanted the main faculty. But he was under the enchantment of a panic, partly thinking also, perhaps, that he was to do a great exploit for the government in my absence. However, the man was brought before him, and there was he, and them all, speaking loud out to one another as if they had been hard of hearing, when I, on my coming from Kilmarnock, went to see what was going on in the council. At last the Bailie getting no satisfaction,—how could he?—he directed the man's portmanty and bundle to be opened; and in the bottom of the forementioned package, there, to be sure, was found many a mystical and suspicious paper which no one could read; among others, there was a strange map, as it then seemed to all present. 'I' gude faith!' cried the Bailie, with a keckle of exultation, 'here's proof enough now. This is a plain map o' the Frith o' Clyde, all the way to the tail of the bank o' Greenock. This muckle place is Arran; that round ane is the craig of Ailsa; the wee ane between is Plada. Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is a rare discovery; there will be hanging and quartering on this.' So he ordered the man to be forthwith committed as a king's prisoner to the Tolbooth; and

turning to me, said, "My Lord Provost, as ye have not been present throughout the whole of this troublesome affair, I'll e'en gie an account mysel to the Lord Advocate of what we have done.' So I allowed him to write himself to the Lord Advocate. No sooner did his lordship receive the Bailie's terrifying letter, than a special King's messenger was sent to take the spy into Edinburgh Castle; and nothing could surpass the great importance that Bailie Booble made of himself on the occasion of getting the man into a coach, and two dragoons to guard him to Glasgow.

"But, O, what a dejected man was the miserable Bailie Booble! and what a laugh rose from shop and chamber when the tidings came out from Edinburgh, that 'the alien enemy' was but a French cook, coming over from Dublin, with the intent to take up the trade of a confectioner in Glasgow; and that the map of the Clyde was nothing but a plan for the outset of a fashionable table! The Bailie's island of Arran being the roast-beef, the craig of Ailsa the plum-pudding, and Plada a butter-boat. Nobody enjoyed the jocularly of the business more than myself; but I trembled when I thought of the escape that my honor and character had with the Lord Advocate. I trow, Bailie Booble never set himself forward so from that day to this."

The author has presented the public with a portion of his best in "The Windy Yule," which is exquisitely pathetic. We would fain transcribe the chapter; but our limits will admit only of a few short extracts, which, however, we presume will enable our readers to form some just, though not fully adequate, conception of the whole.

"It happened, that, for a time, there had been contrary winds, against which no vessel could enter the port, and the ships whereof I have been speaking, were all lying at anchor in the bay, waiting a change of weather. These five vessels were owned among ourselves, and their crews consisted of fathers and sons belonging to the place. Nothing however, occurred but natural anxiety, till the Saturday, which was Yule. In the morning, the weather was blasty and sleety, waxing more and more tempestuous, till about mid-day, when the wind checked suddenly round from the nor-east to the sou-west, and blew a gale as if the Prince of the Powers of the air was doing his utmost to work

mischief. The rain blattered, the windows chattered, the shop-shutters flapped, pigs from the lum-heads came rattling down like thunder-claps, and the skies were dismal both with cloud and carry. In the lea of the kirk, many hundreds of the town were gathered together; but there was no discourse among them. The major part were sailors' wives and weans, and at every new thud of the blast, a sob rose, and the mothers drew their bairns closer in about them, as if they saw the visible hand of a foe raised to smite them. Apart from the multitude, I observed three or four young lasses, standing behind the Whinnyhill families' tomb, and I jealoused, that they had Joes in the ships, for they often looked to the bay, with long necks and sad faces, from behind the monument. But of all the piteous objects there on that doleful evening, none troubled my thoughts more than three motherless children, that belonged to the mate of one of the vessels in jeopardy. He was an Englishman that had been settled some years in the town, where his family had neither kith nor kin; and his wife having died about a month before, the bairns, of whom the eldest was but nine or so, were friendless enough, though both my gude-wife, and other well-disposed ladies, paid them all manner of attention, till their father would come home. The three poor little things knowing that he was in one of the ships, had been often out and anxious, and they were then sitting under the lea of a headstone, near their mother's grave, chittering and creeping closer and closer at every squall. Never was such an orphan-like sight seen.

"When it began to be so dark that the vessels could no longer be discerned from the church-yard, many went down to the shore; and I took the three babies home with me, and Mrs. Pawkie made tea for them, and they soon began to play with our own younger children in blythe forgetfulness of the storm.

"Many a one that night walked the sounding shore in sorrow. As the day dawned, the wind began to abate in its violence; but it was soon discovered, that some of the vessels with the corn had perished. Let it suffice here to be known, that through the Naze, we at last saw three of the vessels on their beam-ends, with their masts broken, and the waves riding, like the furious horses of destruction, over

them. What had become of the other two, was never known; but it was supposed, that they had foundered at their anchors, and all on board perished. The day being now Sabbath, and the whole town idle, every body in a manner was down on the beach, to help and mourn, as the bodies, one after another, were cast out by the waves. Alas! few were better for my provident preparations, and it was a thing not to be described, to see, for more than a mile along the coast, the new-made widows and fatherless bairns, mourning and weeping over the corpses of those they loved."

BRACEBRIDGE HALL; or, The Humorists. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 797. London, 1822.

Mr. Washington Irving, already an esteemed writer, has richly gratified the curiosity, and amply merited the approbation, of the literary world. There is no room now to "marvel that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English," a consideration to which Mr. I. with exemplary modesty, attributes the success of his previous works; yet the public cannot but marvel that a native of the United States, after so short a residence in England, should issue a production so replete not only with the historical and literary interests of this country, but its very localities, curiosities, customs, and a variety of subjects which, though peculiar to England, are little known.

This volume, comprising fifty-one sketches, will add to the extensive popularity which the author deservedly obtained by a former production, entitled "The Sketch Book." That work, indeed, showed the unqualified applause of the public; and it may be fairly anticipated that the present will be esteemed a valuable acquisition. The style evinces a versatility of talent rarely apparent even in some of the best of writers. The subjects are well arranged, and most ably treated. We must at present forbear any extracts from this interesting performance; but we recommend it most cordially to the attention of our readers, as the production of genius, which in fertility and power is seldom surpassed, and which, in humour or gravity, in gaiety or pathos, and all the varieties of thought and style, holds, with singular felicity, the reins of our imagination, and really compels us to be entertained, instructed, and pleased.

SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS in GEORGIA, PERSIA, BABYLONIA, &c.

A more intelligent and better written publication is seldom presented to the world than this, which we recommend to our readers with the most cordial satisfaction. It is evidently the work of a judicious, an indefatigable observer. The information it communicates will be esteemed truly valuable; and, with the descriptions of places, characters, genius, and religion, which occasionally appear, in a masterly style, interspersed too with appropriate reflections, will be justly appreciated by an extensive number of readers, with whom, there can be no doubt, it will speedily become familiar, without the least diminution of interest. From the following extract, some idea may be formed of the author's fine ability for the descriptive:—

“I stood on the highest eastern peak of Elwund. The apparently interminable ranges of the Courdistan Mountains spread before me, far to the north-west; while continued chains of the less towering heights of Louristan stretched south-east, and linking themselves with the more lofty piles of the Bactiari, my eye followed their receding summits, till lost in the hot and tremulous haze of an Asiatic distant sky. The general view of this endless mountain region was murky red; to which, in many parts, the arid glare of the atmosphere, gave so preternatural a brightness, that it might well have been called a land of fire. From the point on which I stood, I beheld the whole map of the country round the unbroken concave: it was of enormous expanse; and although from the clearness of the air, and the cloudless state of the heavens, no object was shrouded from sight, yet, from the immensity of the height whence I viewed the scene, the luxuriance of the vallies was entirely lost in the shadows of the hills; and nothing was left visible to the beholder from the top of the Elwund, but the bare and burning summits of countless mountains. Not a drop of water was discernible, of all the many streams which poured from their bosoms into the plains beneath. In my life I never had beheld so tremendous a spectacle: it appeared like standing on the stony crust of some rocky world, which had yet to be broken up by the Almighty word, and unfold to the be-

neficient mandate the fructifying principles of earth and water, bursting into vegetation and terrestrial life. The great salt-desert terminates the horizon on the east, but it is only distinguishable through the openings of the high serrated range of mountains which run down from Koom to Ispahan. That quarter of the view, though in reality the most arid, by some inexplicable effect of the time, did not present so awfully barren and scorched an appearance as the western chains, Indeed, if it were wished to fix upon a spot, in order to shew the dominant character of an Asiatic landscape, the peak of Elwund might be chosen as the best; since it presents rock, mountain, and desert, a brazen soil, with a sky of fire."

The work is fraught with ancient, and scientific research; it is abundant in interest richly gratifying to curiosity; and it is so executed as to be useful and pleasing to general readers, while it will be considered an acquisition highly prized in the libraries of more select literature.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By the Author of *Waverly*.

If this really is the production of the Author of *Waverly*, it is certainly not so creditable to the abilities and taste of that renowned writer as some of his former deservedly popular and highly esteemed works. Though, however, there are defects which we should by no means have anticipated in the performance of such an author, the present volumes are not destitute of his general characteristic excellences. It will doubtless be universally admitted, that the subjects are good, and the adaptation of the scenes to the period of their occurrence, in manners, customs, &c. are unquestionable. The characters introduced are likewise correctly drawn, and properly sustained. A union of fact with imagination is happily preserved, an excellence too often wanting in the novels of the age, and which certainly has distinguished the pen of the Author of *Waverly*, has contributed very materially to his pre-eminence. The work possesses interest calculated to please the admirer of the author's former productions; and while it is admitted that they may discover some deficiencies not to be found in his other writings, we hesitate not to say, that they cannot fail to esteem and approve the present work.—We intend to present our readers with a few extracts in our next.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR JUNE, 1822.

THERE are two or three popular reports in circulation as to the abandoning, or rather postponing, his Majesty's visit to the Continent, for which definite arrangements have been made throughout Germany, and at one time it was even determined, that the Royal traveller should cross the Alps, and join the confederated Holy Alliance at Florence, the Grand Duke of Tuscany having made an offer of a magnificent suite of apartments in the Palazzo Pitti, and the entire and exclusive range of the Boboli gardens, for the private and more sequestered comfort of his illustrious guest; but it is presumed, the expences unavoidably attending such a tour, and at a time when economy and retrenchment are so necessary, has had its weight with our gracious Sovereign, who intends to pass his time, after the close of Parliament, between Windsor Cottage and Kew Lodge, till October, when a visit to Scotland is in contemplation.

His Majesty's drawing-room, on the 20th, the last, we understand, this season, was but thinly attended, owing to several of the noble families being out of town, and the heat of the weather. A number of spectators assembled in the expectation of seeing the Prince and Princess of Denmark, on this occasion, but they did not attend.

Wanstead House.—The sale of furniture, and various miscellaneous effects, at this princely mansion, for the unprecedented length of thirty-two days, has created great interest connected with a melancholy feeling of regret, at beholding the property of a lady, who was one of the wealthiest heiresses England had to boast, brought under the auctioneer's hammer, Miss Tilney Long, married to a son of Lord Maryborough, who, in the short space of about seven years, has dissipated the accumulated wealth of ages, without dignity, and fallen into a state of comparative poverty unpitied. The house was opened to public inspection above a fortnight previous to the sale, admission being obtained by the purchase of catalogues, at fifteen shillings each, of which twenty-thousand were sold, by Mr. Robins, of Regent-street.

To give the slightest detail of the articles, would far exceed our limits ; suffice it to say, that the hangings of Genoa velvet, trimmed with solid gold lace, the silk embroidered carpets, wrought with the arms of the Tilney and Wellesley families, the sofas, couches, and chairs to correspond, the profusion of curious old China, rich cut-glass, and massive plate, the exquisite carvings in ivory, fine paintings, sculpture, bronze, and casts from the antique, the fresh and glowing gobelin tapestry, French clocks, pier-glasses, and magnificent state-beds, form a *tout ensemble* such as, perhaps, was never collected before in the mansion of any subject, and not frequently equalled in royal palaces. The walls of several of the apartments are hung with Genoa velvet, with three borders of real gold lace, that cost three guineas and a half a-yard ; and a luxury more than oriental pervades the whole. Wanstead Park is to be parcelled out on building leases for ninety-nine years, for the erection of villas and cottages-ornées. We find from historic documents, that the ancient manor of Wanstead, was granted by Henry VII. to Robert Long Rich, who sold it to the Earl of Leicester. Here Elizabeth's favorite entertained his royal mistress for several days, and here he solemnized his marriage with his ill-fated countess. On reverting to the crown, James I. gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, who being one of the judges of Charles I. it became forfeited, and Charles II. presented it to his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. who sold it to Sir Robert Brooke, and it was afterwards purchased by Sir Joshua Child, the author of the Discourse on Trade, who planted a great number of trees in avenues leading to the scite of the old building, and his son, Richard, the first Earl of Tilney, laid out some extensive grounds in gardens ; and after they were finished, he employed the celebrated Collin Campbell, to build the present structure, about the year 1715, which is cased with Portland stone, and is upwards of two hundred and sixty feet in length. Wanstead House is, indeed, considered as one of the noblest mansions in the kingdom.

The Cork and Limeric papers recently received, give the most alarming accounts of the progress of disease and famine in that unhappy kingdom. Several vessels, laden with potatoes, oatmeal, &c. for the relief of the suffering peasantry, have arrived in the ports, and afforded a timely succour, but

totally inadequate as to permanent aid; and the distress is truly appalling. A Royal mandate has been issued through the proper channel for collections to be made in all the churches throughout the realm, which is a very proper and salutary measure. Other active exertions are making, which, we trust, will meet the desired success; but we are sorry to remark, that a concert in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House, about the middle of the month, intended to aid the funds for the Irish sufferers, failed altogether; not more than one hundred and fifty persons attended, and the expences, it is obvious, must have exceeded the receipts.

New South Wales.—We have been favored with a series of New South Wales Gazettes, from which it appears, that the colony is in a most prosperous and flourishing condition. All the accounts from the interior of the country concur in establishing one pleasing circumstance, and that is, the promising appearance of the harvest. The following novel and curious circumstance occurred here very lately:—The servant of a gentleman in the interior, while pursuing his labor on the estate, had the misfortune to have one of his fingers bitten by a snake; having an axe in his hand, he without hesitation, instantly lopped off the infected joint, and returned home to his master who dressed the wound. No symptoms of an alarming nature followed, and here the affair was supposed to terminate. In the course of a few days, the poor man indulged his curiosity by visiting the stump of the tree on which he had left the amputated joint. It was still there, and he took it up, examined it, and placed it to his nostrils, upon which he was seized with delirium and shortly after expired.

The Parisian papers are barren of intelligence and interest; they are silent with respect to the affairs of the East, except that, in their expiring hopes of war, they feebly insinuate that the object of the Porte in complying with the propositions of Russia, is merely to gain time. The Turks have ransacked several villages in the neighborhood of Salonica, in consequence of the refusal of their inhabitants to suffer themselves to be disarmed, and the Greeks, complying with the prayers and wishes of their wives and daughters, have sacrificed them with their own hands, that they might not be violated by the barbarians; and ten thousand women

and children have been sold as slaves at ten and fifteen piastres a-head. It is conjectured, that the Divan has issued several orders to massacre all the Greeks. The Augsburgh Gazette has the following news, brought by the Courier from Smyrna:—The Turkish squadron, consisting of twenty-two ships, chiefly of the first class, has been attacked by the Greek squadron of seventy vessels. The Greeks succeeded in burning two ships of the line, two frigates, one corvette, three brigs, and four gun-boats. It was feared at Smyrna, that this check would again excite the fury of the Turks.

We have received from a correspondent at Vienna, an account of the assassination of the Provincial Director of the Police, Giulio Besini, on the 15th of May, by two persons, one of whom run a short sword through his body; he survived but a couple of hours, during which he received the sacrament, and pardoned his destroyers, declaring, that he died in peace, because he fell a victim to the performance of his duty. The Emperor is deeply afflicted by the loss of this faithful servant, and has ordered every exertion to be made for the exemplary punishment of the perpetrators of this horrid deed.



THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS house has been superbly filled in consequence of a visit from his Majesty, who received from the audience those repeated tributes of loyal enthusiasm which attend his appearance in places of public resort, and we only wish they were more frequent. In the opera of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Signora Cinta made her *debut* as Rosina. She possesses a good countenance, and a fine dark eye, of that expression which reminds us of a Grecian gipsey; but it is both beautiful and agreeable. We fear her vocal powers are too limited for this immense theatre, and the sweetness, delicacy, and refined taste of execution, will not be justly appreciated amidst so numerous an assembly, not always attentive, though we were charmed with it.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS house closed on the 14th of June, with *The Mountaineers*, in which Mr. Cooper sustained the character of Octavian with considerable effect, a *petite* piece of Ventriloquism, by M. Alexandrie, and, what we were rather sorry to see, the comic opera of *Inkle and Yarico* cut down to a mere farce. On the falling of the curtain, a respectful farewell Address was looked for, according to a usage that never yet had failed; but none coming forth, the audience expressed much disapprobation, and loud calls of "Manager! manager!" burst forth. Mr. Cooper made his appearance, and said, he was not empowered to offer an address; the cause of the omission he believed to originate in the indisposition of Mr. Elliston, whom, he was sorry to say, was confined to his chamber; but for himself, and in the name of the theatric corps of Drury, he entreated the audience to receive his grateful thanks for their patronage. We fear the season has been an unproductive one to the Lessee, who though prominently successful with the *Coronation*, has had several failures in subsequent pieces.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE

HAS been well attended, considering the heat of the weather. Macready played *Othello* for his own benefit, and we pronounce this gentleman second only to Mr. Kean. Miss Tree's benefit was most liberally patronized. She performed *Imogene* in the tragedy of *Cymbeline*, for the first time, and received what she merited, the unlimited approbation of the audience. The novelty of the night, was a grand concert after the play, in which the young lady sung several songs with great skill and science. Miss Stephens, Miss Hallande, Miss Paton, and other performers exerted themselves most admirably on this occasion. Miss F. Cooke, pupil and daughter of Mr. T. Cooke, made her first appearance on any stage, and sang "*Una Voce*" with much sweetness, and received great and, of course, encouraging applause. In short, the whole of the entertainments were of the first order.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS favorite temple of the Dramatic Muse opened for the season, on the 16th of June. During the recess, the proprietor has exerted himself most industriously and with good taste and liberality, to remedy these imperfections that met complaint last year, and to supply such embellishments as were considered wanting. The heavy sounding board has been removed, the color of the interior boxes somewhat darkened, and crimson curtains edged with gold, and extremely well painted, adorn each tier; between the fronts of the boxes small pier-glasses have been introduced, which produce a very light and brilliant effect.

The house opened with the national anthem, God save the King," and a farcical sketch was next produced, entitled, The Bill of Fare—for further Particulars enquire within. It represents two persons advertising to complete establishments of very different natures. Solomon Strutt, a provincial manager, wants a company of comedians for his theatre, and Samuel Stingo, a provincial inn-keeper, is in request of a set of servants for his house. Each thus gives the initials S. S. to the same hotel; and the waggery of the landlord sends all the out-of-place domestics to the manager; while the inn-keeper, who has no penchant for theatricals, is worried by a troop of players, who wait on him in all the fantastic forms it is their province to assume. In the course of the scenes the eccentricities of the parties engaged at the theatre, are whimsically displayed; and the bill of fare thus disclosed, "further particulars are reserved for a future occasion." This was followed by The School for Scandal, and the farce of the Irishman in London. The profits of the evening were devoted to the Irish charity.

VAUXHALL,

WHICH has opened under fresh proprietors and new arrangements, appears very successful. The weather is propitious; and the singing, rope-dancing, and the usual routine of amusements are liberally provided. The refreshments are reduced to a moderate price.





Fashionable Walking & Ball Dresses for July

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Published by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JULY, 1822.

WALKING DRESS,

COMPOSED of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with the same material, of a lavender color; the points finished with leaves, and ornamented with a button in the centre: the sleeves and cuffs ornamented in the same way. The bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with blond, ornamented with a toilette, bow, and feathers; the strings of the toilette bound with satin.

BALL-DRESS,

COMPOSED of blue striped gauze; the skirt ornamented with satin leaves and roses; at the bottom a *rouche*, composed of gauze and satin. The sleeves full, with straps to form a wave of satin; at the bottom of the sleeve a fullness of white toilette. The top of the dress ornamented with a cable trimming of satin. A band and bow of the same material. A turban of blue toilette with white feathers.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by Miss PIERPOINT, of 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The newest morning-dress is composed of an India muslin, sprigged all over in rows down the skirt, which is embroidered and flounced at the bottom to correspond. The body is made quite high, and worked in stripes, which are continued down the sleeves to correspond. Frill and ruffles worked after the same pattern. An Evelina cap, composed of lilac and thread lace.

Walking dress, of a lilac levantine, ornamented round the bottom with two *rouleaux*, over which is twisted in separate divisions, a quite new and fashionable trimming in levantine corded with satin. The body is open before, with a large

square, new-fashioned collar, turning partly over, and forming two points in front. An epaulette and cuff to correspond in the levantine, and trimmed with satin. Kid boots, and gloves of the same color.

Bonnets of the same, or of French white *gros de Naples*, is more fashionable than Leghorns or straw. A quite new-shaped front, with a bell trimming on a transparent edge, and a crown to correspond, ornamented with flowers.

Evening dress: over a white satin slip, a train dress of blond lace, trimmed down the front and round the bottom to match, beginning narrow at the top and spreading gradually wider towards the bottom. The body low and trimmed with blond and pearls. A Denmark sleeve trimmed with blond, and intermixed with pearls. White satin shoes, white kid gloves, trimmed round the top with blond and pearl ornaments.

We are indebted to Mrs. Blundell, of Ludgate-street, for the above new and elegant dresses.

At the late distribution of Prizes by the Society of Arts, which took place at Drury-lane Theatre, under the auspices of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, we were peculiarly gratified by witnessing the award bestowed upon Mrs. Wells, of Connecticut, in the United States, for a new material of fine plat, in imitation of Leghorn. The Society awarded her the large Silver Medal and twenty guineas. The following report, read by the Secretary, contains some curious particulars relative to this award, which we are persuaded will be acceptable to our fair readers:—"Another branch of manufacture which had excited the notice of the Society was that of straw plait for bonnets, which, during the late war, had furnished an extensive source of healthful and profitable employment for the wives and daughters of the laboring class in the counties of Bedford and Buckingham, and other parts adjoining. On the return of peace, the facility of introduction of Leghorn hats caused such a diminution of the demand of our domestic manufacture as to throw a vast number of those persons out of employ, and to occasion much severe suffering. In the last session, a bonnet was laid before the Society, manufactured by Mrs. Wells, the daughter of a farmer of Connecticut, in the United States, which in color and fineness considerable exceeded the best specimens of

Leghorn plait. The material, it was ascertained, was one of the indigenous grasses in that part of North America, and with a view to the revival of our own manufacture of fine plaits, a reward, both honorary and pecuniary, was voted to the inventress, on condition of the particulars of the manufacture being communicated, together with a certain quantity of the seed. The stipulations have been complied with; the greater part of the seed has been distributed, and has germinated, and the plants are now in a flourishing state. As a collateral aid to their object, the society has gladly bestowed the large Silver Medal on Mr. J. Parry, for his success in first acquiring himself, and then teaching to others the method of plaiting, according to the Italian pattern." We may, therefore, very shortly expect to see bonnets manufactured from this new and beautiful material becoming fashionable, and superseding every other in point of beauty, quality, and elegance.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE most fashionable color in our promenade dresses for this month, among our Parisian belles, is the poppy; but it is easy to perceive that sky-blue will soon be the favorite. The present walking-dress presents no visible opening either before or behind; it is put on by means of an aperture near the shoulders, and which is again artificially closed by small buttons of the same color with the dress. Girdle of Morocco. Half-boots to correspond.

The evening-dress is composed of a dove-colored silk with puffs of the same, edged with blue borders. A new and fashionable muslin, with large stripes, two inches broad; the one white, the other rose, blue, or lilac, which are placed aslant, or ray-like. The dress-makers who make use of this muslin, cut the front and the back, the points and the sleeves, in such a manner, that the rays appear to form an entire diagonal, that is to say, a single sloping ray embraces the whole circumference. The *corsage* is formed of two points or rays which unite in the middle of the back, and in the front.

A new *corsage* has made its appearance, the top of which is trimmed with three rows behind and three before, from which the frills are made to reach to the waist. Robes

which were formerly made to fasten with clasps, are now attached by hooks and eyelet-holes, which are found to loosen much more conveniently.

Some dress-makers place rows of leaves, worked in muslin, above and below a band of embroidered *tulle* upon a robe of *percale*. The band is about six inches wide. Scarves of white *barège* with gold bars and fringe, glands of gold, and poppy color, are very fashionable. Handkerchiefs of white and black lace are very much worn. Belts of Morocco leather are become very general upon robes of every description. Sometimes the clasps, instead of being of steel, are made of gold, and of an oval shape.

In the first-rate fashionable assemblies, our *élégantes* have thrown aside shawls altogether. They are now only to be seen at the theatres. As a substitute for shawls, kerchiefs have been introduced, trimmed with white or black lace, which cover the shoulders without any inconvenience being felt from the heat, and possessing at the same time the peculiar advantage of displaying the shoulders without disfiguring the form.

The most fashionable bonnets resemble a pale straw; both in the form and brim of many, are broken and notched rays, made of colored ribands, introduced in the plaits, drawn in and out at equal distances. A flat feather placed at the bottom of the form, or crown, goes half round the hat, and falls back on the shoulder on the opposite side. Some white straw hats are decorated with imitation grapes of gauze.

Bonnets of *tissu de coton* are made with gauze trimmings of the poppy color, and even with white dresses poppy-colored *barèges* are worn, and belts of Morocco leather of the same color. In the making of turbans, as well as in the trimming of bonnets, we have remade the union of two colors—light blue and white cherry, white rose and straw color. Bonnets are now frequently ornamented with colored ribands, or trimmings instead of flowers. When the latter are used, they either consist of roses, *roséda*, or *coquelicots*. No fringe is worn on the edges, but sometimes a deep blond of about four inches wide.

Fans are worn extremely simple, of moderate size, and made of satin paper. Colors—rose, lilac, or blue, to correspond with the dress.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



PETER'S COMPLAINT.—FROM THE FRENCH.

.....
BY T. B. G.
.....

O JANE! my heart's gentle delight,
You're as tart as a crab in July,
From morning you grumble till night,
And you know you can never tell why.
Let me come either merry or mute,
Still, still all the fat's in the fire;
There's nothing I say that will suit,
You're as sharp as a blackberry briar.

If I talk, you will scold, so you will;
If I don't, then you snub me, and sigh;
If I dance, you say, "Puppy, be still,"
And I never can laugh but you cry.
Your ears are so awkwardly made,
That, though I've a voice like a lark,
When I sing you a soft serenade,
You say, I do nothing but bark.

To other day, when a little too fond,
Your thumb, but how gently, I press'd,
You chuck'd my white hat to the pond,
My beautiful beaver, my best;
Yes, you skimm'd it in, though it was new,
And then, as he could but look glum,
You toss'd in its purchaser too,—
And only for squeezing your thumb!

When I bought you some beer at the hop,
I presented the mug with a grace;
But you never tasted a drop,
Till you puff'd all the froth in my face;

Sure never reception so rough
From a nice little virgin was known!
If I had but felt courage enough,
I'd have clapp'd my wet cheeks to your own.

And yet, though you treat me so ill,
I love e'en the stones where you stand,
With my heart in my eyes I am still
Your servant, Miss Jane, to command.
One hair from your beautiful head
Draws more than an ox in a cart,
When you trip to the cows in the shed,
You lug me along by the heart.

In a rage, when you call'd me a toad,
To court little Winny I went;
But I thought of my Jane on the road,
And she made forget what I meant.
Poor Winny must think me an ass;
For I stood like a donkey possess'd;
Yes, I thought of my Jane, and the lass
Seem'd but a brown loaf at the best.

You carried Jem's nets to the tree;
How could you go birding with Jem?
You're as shy as a cuckoo to me;
Ten parrots don't prate so to him.
His salute too, you took not amiss,
You know, Jane, he never was chid;
But I, when I begg'd for a kiss,
Got a very bad beating, I did.

O Jane! you will kill me, I know;
Only think what a shame that will be.
My flame is now fix'd in my toe,
And my kneeling has damag'd my knee.
I know what I know, and I'll tell—
You need not be flouting so fast;
If a pitcher goes oft to the well,
It may get a good crack, miss, at last.

A NEGLECTED HARP'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Alas! gentle mistress, prithee tell
Why here, in mute neglect, I dwell?
Why here, forlorn and cold, I stand
Untouch'd by thy life-kindling hand,
Like some poor exile doom'd to sigh
Beneath Siberia's Wintry sky?
Thou can'st not say, that e'er my tone
Is inharmonious with thy own;
Thou can'st not say, that e'er I breathe
So sweet another's touch beneath;
As when thy arms of living snow
O'er all my strings light-moving flow?
Thou sure must own, that still I join
My doubtful notes' half-air with thine,
As if they trembled to o'ershade
A voice of softest music made;—
Thou sure must own, that when I speak
At thy command, each flushing cheek,
With warmer blush of pleasure, tells
What glow within the bosom swells?
Restore me then to those kind arms,
Once more revive my withering charms,
And o'er this icy corner fling
Thy tuneful voice, the breath of Spring,
Thy gracious eye, the Summer's star;
Then Winter's rigor banish'd far,
My exile sad, and numbing frost,
In warmth and joy will both be lost!

TO MR. * * *, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I would not bid young glory bind
The wreaths of conquest round thy brow,
For 'neath his coronet we find,
What often leaves a deadly woe.

I would not wish that beauty's smile
Might move thee by her 'witching spell,
For woman's eye will oft beguile
The heart that doth her influence tell.

I would not bid Golconda ope
Her golden treasures to thy grasp,
For who on riches puts his hope,
Shall find too soon a serpent's clasp.

Nor would I wish thy feet to tread,
The slipp'ry heights of public fame,
Her eminence is pain and dread,
Her fall, remorse, disgrace, and shame.

But I would wish that thou might'st find,
What is, alas! but seldom given,
The conscious peace, the virtuous mind,
The sacred pledge on earth of heav'n.

Four lustres of thy life, by woe
Unmark'd, have quickly pass'd away,
And may thy God his gifts bestow
On each returning natal day.

Woodbine Cottage

HARRIET.

THE AGED PEASANT TO HIS OLD OAK.

BY MADAME LINSTEIN.

How comes it, oak, thy boughs are green,
While from this cheek youth's hue is flown?
How comes it thou unchang'd art seen,
Though I am old and feeble grown?

It is, that God imparts to thee
A happier lot than man attains?
Is it He better loves to see
Thy beauties longer deck his plains?

Or, to thy soulless trunk is given
A more than mortal term of earth,
That, blooming not afresh in Heaven,
Thou *here* hast all thy end and birth?

Yet, sometimes when the Summer gale
Hath play'd thy trembling leaves among,
I've known thy voice mine ear assail,
Half fashion'd by a spirit's tongue.

Then, I *have* thought my old oak tree
Of more than common clay possess'd—
Then I have said, my old oak tree
Invites me 'neath its shade to rest.

I felt thee still a senseless thing—
A thing bereft of hopes and fears;
But thou had'st seen mine age's spring—
Thou shelter'st now my wintry years.

And in my heart, I scarce know why,
I've lov'd thee with a kindred swell;
Thou seem'st the temple of my joy,
Where all my human comforts dwell.

Here 'twas was natal star appear'd—
Here too, my Mary first was mine—
Here 'twas my gallant sons I rear'd—
And here would I my life resign.

And when I slumber in the grave,
And soon I feel that time will be,
Nor other monument I'd have,
Nor prouder, than my old oak tree.

IPPOLITA'S REFLECTIONS IN THE WATCH-TOWER.

(SEE MISS PORTER'S "FAST OF ST. MAGDALEN.")

I now have none to watch my tear,
For he who car'd is far from me,
And those who now are to me near,
Look careless on both tear and me.

I now have none to hear my sigh,
And with a smile assuage my woe,
Or if they hear, they care not why,
Heedless my grief to cheer or know.

I now have none to bid the hour
Flow on with hasty, happy pace;
Beneath monotony's dull power
The night scarce seems the day to chase.

And distant far is he, whose smile
Could make seem bright the darkest day,
Could me from lonely grief beguile,
And chase corroding care away.

My happiest moments now are those
When night o'er all things spreads her veil;
Then, wrapp'd in gentle sleep's repose,
I cease for brighter days to wail.

And does he love? ah! that I knew
That years to come, he'd love me still!
That thought would fainting life renew,
Nor should I dread for future ill.

Suspense, thou tantalizing thing,
Why must I live beneath thy power?
O time! fly on with hasty wing,
Till threat'ning skies no longer lour.

A. C. near Bristol.

MARIA ANNE.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS A****X, ON HER RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE
ILLNESS.

THY cheek had long the rose possess'd,
Long with the hue of health been dress'd,
While lilies fair of whitest dye,
Were round the roses wont to lie;—
Till once the Queen of Beauty spied,
And jealous her fair rival ey'd;

At sight of all those radiant charms,
Well might she feel such dire alarms,
Lest soon her throne she must resign,
And own superior beauty thine.

At her command, the fever's glow,
Sent for thy beauty's overthrow,
Soon laid thee on a bed of pain;
But all her efforts were in vain,—
The fever, at some higher will,
Leaves thee in health—more lovely still:
Though now thy cheeks but lilies own,
And for a while the rose is flown,
Soon 'twill resume its wonted place,
And thou'lt be still *the fairest Grace*.

St. Hilier's, 29th Dec. 1821.

E.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O SWEETEST minstrel of the Summer grove!
What melody of man excels thy note?
The softest tones of echoing flutes, that float
On evening's calm, not so mellifluous prove,
Save woman's dulcet voice, no sounds so move
My raptur'd sense from misery remote.
What *magic* is't that swells thy little throat
With warblings far all human art above?

Unwearied melodist! on "leafy spray*,"
Thy song I hear, as through the woods I rove,
'Bove all the chanters of the garish day†;
And in the silent night the moon-lit grove
Re-echoes with thy *solitary* lay.
Oh! 'tis the *magic* melody of love!

G. H.

* Milton.

† The notion that this bird does not sing in the day, is an error.

Vide Time's Telescope.

REBUS.

TAKE one, and eke one hundred, from a name,
 In Shakspeare's page transmitted down to fame,
 And since assum'd by one, a learn'd divine,
 Whose works with wit and moral beauties shine,
 What's left you'll find, in proper order plac'd,
 Will give a city's name, whose ancient church he grac'd.

N.

Marriages.

Rev. Wm. Durham to Miss Rudall: Rev. T. W. Morley, to Miss Downes. Wastel Brisis, Esq. to Miss Lade, Boughton Hall: By special licence, R. Smith, esq. M. P. to Miss Forrester, daughter of Lord Forrester. At Mary-le-bone church, Henry, the eldest son of Henry Grant, esq. of Gnoil Castle, in the County of Glamorgan, to Mary, second daughter of Lieut. Gen. Warde, of Woodland Castle in the same County. At Camberwell, Henry H. Goodhall, esq. of the India House, to Mary, daughter of Henry Smith, esq. of Peckham House, Surrey. At St. John's church, Westminster, Mr. John Butt, of College Street, Westminster, Solicitor, to Sarah, eldest daughter of John Couch, esq. of Milbanke. At St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Mr. Wm. Butt, of the Amicable Assurance Office, to Marian Harvey, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Walther, of Bridges-street, Covent-Garden.

Deaths.

At Camberwell, aged 72, John Gale, esq. Mrs. Jane Taylor, aged 87. Rev. Isaac Tozer, of Frome. At Nottingham, aged 86, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Byron. Most Noble Francis I. S. Conway, Marquis of Hertford, aged 79. At Harrowgate, aged 97, John Hardisty, well known by the name of "Old John." Jenny Hinkling of Winneswould, near Loughboro' aged 74, after having been confined to her bed through an attack of the palsy, sixty-one years. At the Grove, Durham, Mr. Stephen Kemble, late Manager of Drury-lane Theatre.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications are received—J. P. S.—J. Hawkins,—S, translation,—J. M. L.—Beauchamp,—J. S. D.—Orton,—Parody,—Verses,—A Farewell, Lines, by N. L.—Lines from the French,—W. D. O.—Gustavas,—The faded Rose,—Extracts,—W. H. C.—and J. M. Lacey.

We must request the favor of a continuation of "Sketches," by Verax, or we cannot insert a part. The many disappointments we have had in this respect compel us to be very particular, and we can on no account depart from the rule we have laid down for ourselves.

D.—'s request shall be attended to.

"Love Victorious" is a complete plagiarism.

We shall be glad to hear again from Z. on the subject of his former letter.





Painted by Ellen Emma Townsend.

Engraved by J. W. Smith.

Miss P. Glover.

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